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For ev'ry palate is our Banquet fit;
Replete with Morals, Hist'ry, News & Wit.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 11, 1801.

A curious Memoir *of* M. Emanuel Swedenborg, *concerning* CHARLES XII. *of* Sweden.

HAVING been frequently admitted to the honor of hearing his moſt excellent majeſty *Charles* XII. diſcourſe on mathematical ſubjects, I preſume an account of a new arithmetic invented by him, may merit the attention of my readers.

His majeſty obſerved then, that the *denary* arithmetic, univerſally received and practiſed, was moſt probably derived from the original method of counting on the fingers; that illiterate people of old, when they had run thro' the fingers of both hands, repeated new periods over and over again, and every time ſpread open both hands; which being done ten times, they diſtinguiſhed each ſtep by proper marks, as by joining two, three, or four fingers. Afterwards, when this method of numeration on the fingers, came to be expreſſed by proper characters, it ſoon became firmly and univerſally eſtabliſhed, and ſo the *denary computus* has been retained to this day. But ſurely were a ſolid geometrician, thoroughly verſed in the abſtract nature and fundamentals ofnumbers, to ſet his mind upon introducing a ſtill more uſeful *computus* into the world, inſtead of *ten* he would ſelect ſuch a perfect ſquare, or cube number, as by continual biſſection, or halving, that would at length terminate in *unity*, and be better adapted to the ſubdiviſions of meaſures, weights, coins, &c.

Thus intent on a new arithmetic, the *hero* pitched upon the number *EIGHT*, as moſt fit for the purpoſe, ſince it could not only be halved continually down to unity, without a fraction, but contained within it the ſquare of two, and was itſelf the cube thereof, and was alſo applicable to the received denominations of various kinds of weights and coins, riſing to *ſixteen* and *thirty-two*, the double and quadruple of *eight*.—Upon theſe firſt conſiderations, he was pleaſed to command me to draw up an eſſay on an *octonary computus*, which I completed in a few days, with its applications to the received diviſions of coins, meaſures, and weights, a diſquiſition on cubes and ſquares, and a new and eaſy way of extracting roots, all illuſtrated with examples.

His majeſty having caſt his eye twice or thrice over it, and obſerving, perhaps from ſome hints in the eſſay, that the *denary computus* had ſeveral advantages not always attended to, he did not at that time ſeem abſolutely to approve of the *octonary*; or, 'tis like he might conceive, that tho' it ſeemed eaſy in theory, yet it might prove difficult to introduce to practice. Be this as it will, he inſiſted on fixing upon ſome other that was both a cube and a ſquare number, referrable to *eight*, and diviſible down to unity by biſſection. This could be no other than *ſixty-four*, the cube of *four*, and ſquare of *eight*, diviſible down to unity without a fraction.

I immediately preſumed to object, that ſuch a number would be too prolix, as it ariſes through a ſeries of entirely diſtinct and different numbers up to 64, and then again to its duplicate 4096, and on to its triplicate 262144, before the fourth ſtep commences; ſo that the difficulty of ſuch a *computus* would be incredible, not only in addition and ſubtraction, but to a ſtill higher degree multiplication and diviſion. For the memory muſt neceſſarily retain in the multiplication table 3969 diſtinct products of the 63 numbers of the firſt ſtep multiplied into one another, whereas only 49 are neceſſary in the octonary, and but 81 are required in the denary arithmetic, which laſt is difficult to be remembered and applied in practice, by ſome capacities. But the ſtronger my objections were, the more reſolute was his royal mind upon attempting ſuch a computus.

Obſtructions made him eagerly aſpire,
All to ſurmount, and nobly ſoar the higher.

He inſiſted that the alledged difficulties might be over-balanced by very many advantages.

A few days after this I was called before his majeſty, who reſuming the ſubject, demanded if I had made a trial? I ſtill urging my former objections, he reached me a paper written with his own hand, in new characters and terms of denomination, the peruſal of which he was pleaſed, at my intreaty, to grant me, wherein, to my

great surprize, I found not only new characters and numbers (the one almost naturally expressive of the other) in a continued series to 64, so ranged as easily to be remembered, but also new denominations, so contrived by pairs, as to be easily extended to myriads by a continued variation of the character and denomination. And further, casting my eye on several new methods for addition and multiplication by this compatus, either artificially contrived or else inherent in the characters of the numbers themselves, I was struck with the profoundest admiration of the force of his majesty's genius, and with such strange amazement, as obliged me to esteem this eminent personage, not my rival, but far my superior in my own art. And having the original still in my custody, at a proper time I may publish it, as it highly deserves: whereby it will appear with what discerning skill he was endowed, and how deeply he penetrated into the obscurest recesses of the arithmetical science.

Besides, his eminent talents in calculation further appear, by his frequently working and solving most difficult numerical problems barely by thought and memory, in which operation others are obliged to take great pains and tedious labor.

Having duly weighed the vast advantages arising from mathematical and arithmetical knowledge in most occasions of human life, he frequently used it as an adage, that *he who is ignorant of numbers is scarce half a man.*

Whilst he was at *Bendar* he composed a complete volume of military exercises, highly esteemed by those who are best skilled in the art of war.

HISTORY OF JACK SMITH.

[*Continued from page* 21.]

THERE is no part of a young man's conduct that is more disgusting to his common acquaintance, than that self sufficiency, which is so conspicuous in the inhabitants of a neighbouring country; and I firmly believe it is this affected ease and consequence (for it is a mixture of both) that makes the *petit-maitre* so disagreeable to John Bull; but among our more intimate acquaintance, when we know the innate virtues of the man, we no longer despise him on that account; we even laugh at, and sometimes almost admire, these trifling airs of the coxcomb. Smith's natural good temper, and disposition so excellently improved, gained him a great many friends; while the manners he had so lately adopted, gave him an unpleasant appearance of pride, that could not fail to offend those, who were but little acquainted with him. Buoyed up by a thoughtless set around him, in whose circle, as he had always been the life and spirit, he was considered as a little oracle, he began to be more and more indifferent concerning the late unlucky affair. When his passions had a little cooled, his vanity induced him to consider it in a more serious light; and Wiffle, who had been present at the time, laughed it off, and cried "*Amantium*, &c. The quarrels of lovers are a renewal of love." Symms too took off Sir Sandy so nicely, that he set the whole company in a roar; and his friend Lord Edward was quite enraged with Mr. Modeley for the haughty unforgiving spirit he had shown; but the unrestrained temper of Sir Harry, ever on the search for novelty and dissipation, afforded the grand cordial for his grief. In short, with these able advisers and assistants, Smith soon drowned his cares, and quietly determined to take the first oportunity, and explain the whole business to Miss Modeley. He had never been favoured with the friendly acquaintance of the other gentlemen, and he little cared for their kind opinion, provided he could reinstate himself in the good graces of his charming mistress. When he read the letter from Miss Modeley once more, the most difficult charge to overcome was, the having boasted of her affections: and Mrs. Heriot having so pointedly mentioned the same thing, he felt the injury his vanity had done him. He saw his error plainly, tho' he scarcely liked to own it even to himself. At the same time he mentally resolved to be more careful for the future; and when once more the beloved idol of his soul had forgiven him, to be more modest and prudent. That he should be forgiven he did not like to entertain a doubt; and looking forward to that time with pleasure, he was in hopes, in the space of the next vacation, to clear up the whole. Again, therefore, he launched forth into his late bad habits; the exercises of his college were now despised, he was not at home more than was absolutely necessary, and as he was continually spoken to for his neglect, absence, &c. he quite lost the favour of his superiors. He affected to vie with the most expensive men in the University, and had, for some time kept a horse of his own; but as yet he had exceeded, in no degree worth noticing, his income; for his good sense had plainly told him he had not the means to continue it. His expences were more in show than any real extravagance, and the money he had so strangely received, kept him at present, free from debt. But let it not be supposed, that this young man was corrupted by bad company; every one of his companions had full as much right to throw the charge upon him. Lord Edward was much more moderate in his conduct; Wiffle and Symms were more giddy, than systematically imprudent, and Sir Harry was rarely at College.

It is not so much bad company that is in itself the cause of a young man's ruin, as that growing depravity of manners, which leads him into those societies where the restraints of virtue, morality and religion, no longer confine him.

When ambition and folly are once united, their slave becomes ridiculous, contemptible, and lost. Witness the numbers of young men, who instead of being respectable citizens (a name any Englishman may glory in) are ambitious to shine at the court end of the town, and unnecessarily exhibiting themselves in Bond street, St. James's—the Lobby and the Park, lose that decent character, which fortune had assigned them, and stamp them fools for life.

CHAPTER XXI.

He sees, he likes, and what he likes pursues.
So the staunch hound, amid the tainted dews
Winds his fleet prey.

ORLA. FUR. Book 24.

LORD Edward Cafusin, who was very fond of hunting, generally joined the fox hounds, when they threw off within a few miles of Oxford. One fine morning in the spring, he had rode to see a bag fox turned out before the Abingdon harriers. The day was so inviting that a great many Oxonians, from the dignified head of the College to the more humble scout, joined the party. If,

reader, thou haſt ever ſeen the Epping hunt on Eaſter-Monday, thou mayeſt readily conceive the nature of this; which, though not ſo numerous, was equally as motley as the other. But if it has never been thy lot to ſee that annually exhilerating ſcene of fun and folly: if, unhappily thou art thyſelf no ſportſman, I earneſtly adviſe thee to apply to the moſt knowing acquaintance in that line, whoſe pleaſure in deſcribing it to thee, will be too great for me to wiſh to anticipate him. The fox was turned out as near Oxford as poſſible, that it might be an inducement to draw more company from thence: for as the half crowns are collected from each ſpectator before the ſport begins, no inconſiderable ſum is gained, in the courſe of the ſeaſon, to aſſiſt defraying the expences of keeping the hounds. A vaſt number of foot as well as horſe were aſſembled on this occaſion. I forbear to enumerate them, though many of our friends were in the number; as Lord Edward is the hero of the day I purpoſe keeping as near to him as poſſible. Rennard requitted himſelf in a capital ſtile; he took ſtraight acroſs the country, and croſſed the water boldly, while the number of two-legged purſuers ſufficiently retarded thoſe with four to give any hopes to the old ſportſmen of ever coming up with him. Lord Edward was mounted on an elegant young horſe, and rode, in ſpirit and courage, not inferior to Dick Knight himſelf. If the reader wiſhes to ſee how, I refer him to thoſe excellent prints of that far famed huntſman, where having tired three horſes, he comes in at the death, upon the fore-horſe of a team, that he luckily fell in with on the road. A gentleman not unknown to fame, and to whom all the members of the Univerſity are oblig'd for the amuſements he had afforded them, by his frequent riding of races in Port Meadow, was alſo with the hounds. Mr. Filmer, a character very unlike my Lord Edward, was, what is commonly called, knowing in every thing that might properly be named ſporting; in the language of Mr. Wiſſle, "he was up to all the tricks of grooms and jockies; whether common grooms or groom porters, whether common jockies or the jocky club." Filmer was very well acquainted with the country where the Fox was to be turned out, he had conſulted the weather cock before he left the ſtables, and could give a very good gueſs which direction the animal would take. He had choſen his horſe for the day's ſport accordingly, and conſidered him the beſt leaper in England. Filmer came into the field with a determination to ſet Lord Edward. The ſcent lay breaſt high—the hounds, in defiance to all obſtacles, as ſoon as they had cleared the foot people, clung to it, and went on at a high rate. The ſteep banks, high hedges, and deep double ditches, ſoon threw out the greater part of the company. "Now, my Lord," ſaid Filmer, when the hounds began to get a head, "we ſhall ſoon try your young horſe." Filmer, with his old hunter, rode on, ſtraight of every thing. Lord Edward on his high mettled colt boldly followed, and having received one capital tumble at a double ditch to the great entertainment of the other who caught his horſe, the animal learnt experience from his misfortune, and being again mounted, became more cautious, and carried his rider ſafely over every obſtacle. The two gentlemen arrived at the river's brink together. Lord Edward, a little irritated, though not hurt at his fall, ſaid to his competitor, "Now, Filmer, we ſhall ſee your courage;" and paſſing him at the moment leapt boldly into the river. The other coolly pulled up his horſe, remarking, that he was not ſo young as that, and as the dogs were puzzling by the ſide of the water, he reſted contented where he was. Lord Edward's horſe ſoon recovered himſelf enough to ſwim to the oppoſite ſhore. His lordſhip jumped off upon the ground, and with a little aſſiſtance the horſe got up the bank. He looked round him; none of the dogs had croſſed, nor were they likely. Many of the field were now come up, and as they did not chuſe to croſs themſelves, they were not diſpoſed to try the dogs on the other ſide, and to let them go off without them. Filmer laughed heartily at his lordſhip, and hallooed acroſs the river—"Well, my Lord, I hope you will kill the fox, for the dogs do not chuſe to join you." His lordſhip, who was very wet, took it all in good part, and anſwered, "No, I ſhall not try, but make the beſt of my way home, and learn prudence from you another time. You ſee the water has cooled my courage. Good morning, and good ſport to you." His lordſhip, having ſqueezed the wet from his clothes, mounted his horſe, and proceeded homeward at a very good rate. He was about four miles from Oxford, on the London road, when a female voice, from the other ſide of the hedge, ſuddenly ſtopped him, with the ſimple monoſyllable, "Sir." He perceived a young woman, decently dreſſed, between two men, whom he inſtantly recognized as two of his own College. "I am ſorry, Sir," ſaid the young lady, "to ſtop you, but you have the appearance of a gentleman, and I hope will releaſe me from the inſults of two perſons, who, whatever may be their appearance, are certainly not gentlemen." His lordſhip had no need to ſpeak to them, for the others, conſcious they could not defend their behaviour, had already left the fair maid. A countryman coming up at the ſame time, his lordſhip gave his horſe to the man, and leaped over the hedge to his new acquaintance. To his offer of protecting her home, ſhe replied, "I've not far to go, ſir; to the next village, about half a mile, and will, with many thanks, accept your politeneſs." His lordſhip offered her his arm, but the young lady modeſtly declined it, and recollecting the water, he did not think proper to preſs it. When they entered the village, ſhe again thanked him, for his trouble, and took her leave; not ſo, Lord Edward, he was too much captivated by the unknown, to leave the ſpot ſo abruptly. He took his horſe from the countryman; he was a long time finding ſome ſilver to give him. "Do you know that young lady, my friend?" "No, ſir, I don't belong to this village." The ſaddle was not ſufficiently tight, the ſtirrups were too ſhort; and he continued, by various delays of this kind, not to mount his horſe till he had perceived the fair maiden turn into a ſmall bricked cottage at the bottom of the ſtreet. Not ſeeing any one to enquire of, and feeling the cold from his wet clothes very troubleſome, he made great haſte home, with a determination to return on the following day.

Lord Edward's acquaintance with the fair ſex had never been among the middle ſtation: he well knew the Lady Bettys, Fannys, Arabellas, Charlottes, and all the honourable miſſes of the day; nor was he ignorant of the fawning civility which the lower ranks pay to a handſome young nobleman; but the bluſh of modeſt innocence, the eaſy and decent politeneſs of a well-informed and ſenſible mind, the unaffected and natural effuſions of the heart were quite novelties to him. No wonder then they ſo forcibly ſtruck his ſoul from the pair of lovely blue eyes which animated the countenance of Mary Roſier. Mary's father had been the Lieutenant-Colonel of ——— regiment: but an early habit of gaming had ever been his bane. Mary's mother, whom he had married for love, had died in child-birth; the infant was put out to nurſe,

and afterwards to ſchool. At fifteen her father took her home, becauſe he could no longer afford to pay for her education. His circumſtances were ruined; his Lieutenant-Colonelcy had long been ſold and gone. Upon a trifling annuity of fifty pounds a year he was ſlowly dying in a little village where he had retired for cheapneſs. The clerk of the pariſh's wife, who lived next door, officiated as a ſervant for a trifling gratuity; but Mary was his comfort, his nurſe, his only delight. The Colonel had, at no period of his life, been a man of great abilities or fine feeling; but he could not conſider, without concern, the leaving unprotected his duteous daughter. He had long been diſcarded and unnoticed by his noble relations.

The day after the hunt Lord Edward failed not to take his intended ride, and ſlowly he paſſed by the houſe where the fair Mary had entered. All the way he had endeavoured to find ſome excuſe for a call; but uncertain who or what ſhe was, he was as far as ever from the point. A little public houſe at ſome diſtance determined him to put up his horſe, and the church being near, he ſtrolled into the church-yard.

As he was looking over the different grave-ſtones, with his thoughts buſily employed on the things of this world, a plain middle-aged man, whom he ſoon found was the clerk came up to him, and enquired if he wiſhed to ſee the church. "We have a fine monument lately put up, ſir," ſaid he; "all the gentle folk round about come to ſee it." Lord Edward, who wiſhed for an opportunity to converſe with ſome of the pariſh, accepted the offer. "This, ſir" ſaid the man, pointing to a very ſumptuous monument, "was erected to the memory of one of this pariſh, who, with only five ſhillings in his pocket, went to London to ſeek his fortune. He firſt got into the ſervice of a builder, and at laſt ſucceeded his maſter. About ten years ago he came down to his native place, and bought the eſtate of Lord Lacdacre's, ſituated in this pariſh, for fifty thouſand pounds. He died, ſir, about a year ago, and in his will (to the great diſpleaſure of the family, who are proud) left particular orders for this monument. Here you ſee, ſir, all the tools of his buſineſs, hammers and hatchets, and ſaws and gimblets, &c. &c. &c. Here, ſir, you ſee him going up to London, on foot, with a wallet at his back; and there he is again, in a coach and ſix, returning to his native country. He has left ſix ſons and one daughter——." How much longer the clerk's ſpeech would have been, I will not pretend to ſay. Lord Edward was completely tired of the unmeaning ſtory, and catching at the word 'daughter,' ſaid, with ſeeming indifference, "I ſuppoſe that was the young lady I ſaw going into a brick houſe the other ſide the public houſe," diſtinctly pointing out the place.—"Ah! no, ſir, that was Miſs Mary Roſier; I dare ſay Miſs Perkins would give half her ten thouſand pounds to be ſo pretty; and ſhe might give all the reſt before ſhe would be half ſo good."—"Who is this Miſs Roſier," ſaid Lord Edward, "of whom you ſpeak ſo highly?"—"I can ſcarcely tell you, ſir," replied the clerk, "except that Miſs Mary's father is a Colonel, and I believe he ruined himſelf by gambling; and ſo being very ill, and very poor, he came to live here next door to me; for my wife lived ſervant where Miſs went to ſchool; and Miſs wrote to us to get them a houſe, and we got them that, it was the old vicarage, for ſix pounds a year."—Lord Edward, by his attention to the ſecond tale, made up for his deficiency of the firſt. In ſome degree ſatisfied, he forbore to aſk any more queſtions for the preſent. He liberally rewarded the clerk for his trouble, and was ſtill irreſolute, and going back to the public houſe, when he met Miſs Roſier. Her face was crimſoned immediately ſhe ſaw him. He politely addreſſed her; not without a little confuſion on both ſides, ſhe anſwered him; then ſpeaking to the clerk, ſhe ſaid—"Mr. Bright, my father wiſhes to ſpeak to you." The clerk left the church-yard; the young lady ſlowly followed him. Lord Edward was by her ſide; he felt himſelf pleaſed, yet was at a loſs what to ſay; but determined to improve the preſent moment, he apologiſed (for what needed no apology, but had been her own act) the leaving her at the entrance of the village, and not ſeeing her home on account of his wet clothes. This brought forth enquiries on the part of the lady, that he had caught no cold, and ſuch like civilities.—But it is tireſome enough to hear the ſelf intereſting converſation of an enamoured youth and his miſtreſs, without the greater drudgery of committing it to paper. Let it ſuffice to ſay, that Lord Edward expreſſed in the moſt civil manner, his wiſh to cultivate an acquaintance ſo auſpiciouſly began, and underſtanding ſhe had a father, from the clerk, he ſhould be happy to be introduced to him.—The Colonel's health prevented him at preſent, and he was about to ſend a polite meſſage by the daughter, when he felt a repugnance to calling himſelf by his title. At the ſame inſtant the fair Mary, wiſhing to find his name, begged to know to whom ſhe was obliged for his civilities yeſterday and to day? His lordſhip anſwered his name was Cafuſin; and Mary Roſier ſoon after ſpeaking to him by the name of Mr. Cafuſin, he begged ſhe would make his compliments to her father, and when he was well enough, he hoped to be introduced to him. This was the very thing his lordſhip had wiſhed, to be acquainted with the Colonel and his daughter, without the diſtance keeping title of a Lord. He now took his leave, and with a light heart rode back to Oxford. He continued frequently to ride that way, and a few days after was introduced to the Colonel; his daughter having before mentioned the origin of their acquaintance. Without daring to aſk of himſelf the motives of his conduct, he embraced every opportunity to be in company of Mary Roſier, in whoſe excellent heart he ſoon gained a preference, for which he was neither indebted to his title nor connections. Leaving Lord Edward to the progreſs of his paſſion, I return to our hero, who, with abilities to ſhine in any ſtation, was playing the part of a fool and a coxcomb.

CHAPTER XXII.

Fatally fair they are, and in their ſmiles,
The Graces, little loves, and young deſires inhabit;
But all that gaze upon them are undone;
For they are falſe luxurious in their appetites,
And all the Heaven they have for is variety,
One lover to another ſtill ſucceeds,
Another and another after that,
And the laſt fool is welcome as the former.

ROWE.

THE fourth year of Smith's reſidence at college had now commenced. His preſent ſituation was already independent, and his connexions ſeemed to promiſe him every advantage that a young man of a good perſon, and abilities, could deſire. His diſpoſition was naturally good, and had been improved by the watchful inſpection of Mr. Freeman; but the inſinuating habits of diſſipation had ſo far increaſed upon him, that his conduct to that gentleman was little leſs than ungrateful. The truth was, he was ſo very far from being able to juſtify the whole of his behaviour even to himſelf, that he dreaded the ſcruti-

nizing eye of such a man as Mr. Freeman. About this time Smith, with some others, were noticed by the Proctor for ——. But I cannot enter upon particulars; the papers, indeed, are now before me, but I must pass over the ungrateful task of tracing this thoughtless young man through the particulars of his more foolish (in this instance) than flagrant conduct, and simply say he had his degree put back for a year; in this one respect, following the example of Freeman, Smith was more offended than affected at the circumstance; and, ashamed to go to Mr. Freeman in Wales, he set off to London with the partners of his disgrace. Thus, as will always be the case, one fault leads us into another. And I know no one thing that occasions more mischief in the world, than that false shame, so common in young minds, and which prevented Smith from retiring to his friend in Wales. Without saying a word to the superiors of his College, the youth departed, and took a ready furnished lodging near the Theatres.

He had been about a week in town, when Sir Harry Valence came up to spend the winter months with his mother. She insisted that Smith should have an apartment at his house, as long as he remained in London, and told him he should be greatly obliged to him, if he would spend the winter with him. Smith accordingly wrote to Mr. Freeman, that a very unpleasant business had occurred, which prevented his going to Oxford for some time; that he was at present in London, and if Mr. Freeman had no objection, he should accept an offer made him by Sir Harry, and remain at his house all winter. He received a very friendly answer from Mr. Freeman, who slightly mentioned the Oxford affair, and said, he should at all times be happy to see him at St. Donats.

The dowager lady Valence was very infirm, and seldom came out of her own room, except sometimes to dinner; the young men, therefore, did just as they pleased, and, unconfined by hours or ceremony, had a very good time of it. Such a companion as Smith was the very thing sir Harry wished, and together they frequented all the polite and public amusements of the town. Sir Harry also introduced our hero to the houses of many people of the first fashion, and their time lightly passed away regardless of the morrow. Smith gave himself no more concern about Oxford than if he had never been there, and seemed to have forgotten that he was a student of C. C.

One evening after Christmas, sir Harry and Smith went together to the play; they had not sate long in one of the side boxes, before two very beautiful women and a gentleman entered the opposite box. Sir Harry, with marks of great surprise, looked towards them, and asked Smith, whose eyes were fixed on the same objects, if one of them was not a very handsome woman. Smith answered in the affirmative, adding, "I see you know them." "Yes," replied sir Harry, "one of them I know very well; we will join them as soon as the act is over."

"Who is the lady?

"Have you never heard of the ci devant lady Farley; she is but lately come to England since the divorce. I was in her ladyship's good graces before she went to Italy, which was about twelve months ago; I don't suppose she has quite forgotten me."

"Which is her ladyship?"

"That on the right hand."

"In my opinion the other is a most beautiful creature. I was looking at her all the time."

"I am glad to hear you say so; our interests won't clash. Come, let us join them." Sir Harry, on entering the box, said, "I hope I have the honor of seeing lady Farley in health." "Ah! sir Harry!" replied the fair lady, "is it you? Why I'm pretty tolerable as times go." "Give me leave, added sir Harry, to introduce Mr. Smith." I return your compliment, sir Harry, Mrs. Cherville." Our young men now seated themselves in the ladies' box, and the person who had attended them into the house, and who, in short, was no better, than a servant out of livery, went home. While sir Harry was entertaining his old acquaintance, our hero conversed with Mrs. Cherville.

Mrs. Cherville was a likely, sensible woman, not deficient in ability, but of strong uncontrolable passions. She was very young, had eloped a few months before from her husband with a gay youth, an officer, the son of a gentleman of great family and fortune, and flew with him into Italy. But she soon found him a stupid unpleasant companion, with a great deal of outside show; a dashing fellow, who drove a phæton, kept a shewy stud of horses, but with a mind equally as unimproved as his groom. She quickly determined to leave him, and meeting with lady Farley, who was coming over to England, she coolly told him of her intention, and left him to take care of himself. She knew he would follow her, as a trial for crim. con. had taken place in their absence, and he had been cast in ten thousand pounds damages, which his father had absolutely refused to pay, and for which Mrs. Cherville's husband threatened to arrest him the moment he came to England. Leaving him, therefore, to solace himself with some other frail fair one, equally as grateful as herself, she took this opportunity of getting rid of him. She was, at present, on the look-out for some protector, and Smith seemed the man that exactly suited her taste. Exclusive of his person, which no woman could find fault with, his ready wit and sometimes keen satire, greatly entertained her. At other times his clear and judicious remarks, but above all, his well-timed flattery, insensibly stole into her heart: in short, by the time the play was over, the party were too well pleased with one another to think of separating. The young men, with pleasure accepted lady Farley's offer to supper, and sir Harry's and her ladyship's carriages conducted them to the house. Smith, in raptures with the attractive charms of the fair wanton, so forcibly urged his suit, that the lady continued not long to play the prude; and our infatuated hero, in the arms of his new flame, soon forgot his adored Miss Modeley.

Few young men, and perhaps not many old ones, can oppose temptation; but young and old may easily keep out of the way of it. Smith had totally given himself up to the destructive libertinism around him before he became acquainted with Mrs. Cherville: but he had formed no attachment. The case was now greatly altered. The insinuating blandishments of that frail fair one crept into his very soul, and without attempting to control them, he gave himself up to his licentious passions. After Mrs. Cherville had been separated from her husband, in consideration of her being the mother of his two children, he had settled two hundred a year upon her for life, that necessity might not lead her farther astray. Mrs. Cherville in no other light regarded money than as the means of indulging herself in that course of dissipation to which she sacrificed every thing. When she had first encouraged the youth, she was in hopes, like his friend, he was a man of fortune and expectations, who would be able to support her in her beloved extravagance: but at the time she found the contrary from Smith's account of himself, she was too much involved in the snares of her passion, too much taken with the youth, and the better pleased with

his candor, to drop the connection on that account. She was glad also to shew her disinterestedness; the flame for our hero burnt so bright at present, she could even think of love and a cottage; and the only thing dreaded was the idea of losing him. He was the first person she had ever really liked; she had married her husband, because the offer was advantageous, and that she might escape the control of her friends, who, knowing the warmth of her disposition, kept a watchful eye; and she had afterwards eloped with the young officer, caught by his outward trammels, and eager to enjoy that dissipation her prudent husband restrained her from. Sir Harry seemed as much taken with his frail fair one, and few days passed in which they were not together.

One evening Smith attended both these obliging females to the play; sir Harry had promised to join them at the conclusion, and to go in a party to Ranelagh. Our hero sat in a front box between the ladies, with the effrontery of a young man, who thinks it adds to his credit to be noticed by two fashionable impures. The danglers of the play-house, from that *veteran* in dissipation, (though perhaps young) an officer in the guards, to the spruce country beau just entered as an apprentice in town, viewed him with envy. In vain did the more dashing bucks, and more impudent coxcombs, endeavor to force themselves into the notice of the ladies; perfectly satisfied with their present attendant, they repelled every address with scorn, while Smith, with the triumphant vanity of youth, smiled at their ineffectual attempts. The white arm of Mrs. Cherville lay familiarly on his shoulder, and gently tapping him on the cheek, she said, "Look, tell me, do you think that a handsome girl!" With a mixture of exultation and conceit, as conceiving himself the general object of envy, he turned his head round, and in an instant encountered a pair of eyes, more soft, though far brighter, than either of his companions could show; a pair of eyes that glared not with the fiery blaze of impudence, but where modesty, like a soft veil before the sun, hid their piercing rays. Need I add that their fair mistress was Miss Modeley, who sat with Mrs. Heriot, her father, and constant attendant sir Sandy, in the stage-box. The vanity of the youth was crushed at the sight; he answered not a word; and if he had carried his head a few inches higher before, it was now doubly depressed. A moment or two had scarcely passed, since he had tho't his situation the most enviable in the house; now would he have exchanged it for the very lowest in the one shilling gallery. His countenance changed, the words faltered upon his tongue, and his fair companions alarmed, enquired if he was ill. Stammering he confessed a sudden giddiness had come over him; and anxiously he looked round, in hopes sir Harry would enter, that he might, under that excuse, leave them for a while. This was denied him; chained to his present spot, he faintly looked towards the ever beloved object: as his eyes met hers, one glance she gave him, which pierced his very soul: then indignantly withdrew them, as if contaminated by the touch. In this distressed situation Smith sat till the end of the play: nor was the situation of the lovely girl much less distressing. Though she had before rejected him, she had never banished all thoughts of him from her breast, nor had determined to unite herself to another. But the present degrading scene urged her to be more resolute. Who his companions were she could not be ignorant, as Mrs. Cherville had lived in the same village as her father, and her whole history was well known to them all. When the play was over, Miss Modeley complained of fatigue from the heat of the house, and begging her father to retire, went home with very unpleasant thoughts. Alone, in her own chamber, she gave full scope to her tears; when they had in some degree subsided, her resolution came to her aid, and she calmly prepared to resign all thoughts of Smith forever. To accept of sir Sandy was a hard task, but she resolved, in obedience to the anxious wishes of her father, no longer to repulse him, and she doubted not, in a little time to overcome her former unworthy attachment, and to be prepared to receive him for her husband. So reasoned the lovely girl, while her unworthy lover, involved in the labyrinth of a new passion, ventured not to trust his thoughts towards her; and, as the frail vestal, who has broken her vows, without due consideration, thinks with horror of that heaven she concludes she had forfeited. so, when the idea of his ever-beloved Eliza crossed his mind, he felt a shuddering at his heart, that told him his loss with redoubled force.

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A SONG.

CHLOE, the fair, had heav'nly face,
To tempt the rising sigh;
Chloe the fair had ev'ry grace,
To point th' admiring eye.

She too with early bloom of youth,
Had softest sweetness join'd;
Had virtue, modesty and truth,
To charm th' admiring mind.

Young *Damon* saw the tender fair,
And seeing her adores;
And spends, in echoes to the air,
His solitary hours.

With softest eloquence he sigh'd
His life expelling flame;
With all that love could prompt, he try'd,
To move the icy dame.

Cold as *Diana*, she denies,
E'en hope's refreshing ray;
Bids the youth forget his sighs,
Or breathe his last away.

With art she heightens all her charms,
With dresses gay she fires;
With ornamental gems alarms
Poor *Damon*'s fierce desires.

Cease, *Chloe*, cease, as *Damon*'s heav'n,
Soft pity learn to shew;
Or ne'er expect it will be giv'n
By heav'n itself to you.

Can murd'rer's blacken'd dye agree

With *Chloe*'s form ſo fair ?
Or can relentleſs cruelty
Erect its dungeon there ?

Still with ſuperfluous art you grace
A fair angelic form ;
When nature finiſhes a face,
There needs no artful charm.

Then *Chloe*, let thy yielding heart,
At length to pity move ;
Leave off the gaudy love of art,
And learn the art of love.

BON MOTS OF DR. SWIFT.

SWIFT happening to be at Dublin Caſtle one day, when a learned phyſician was reading a long lecture to his excellency the earl of Pembroke, then lord lieutenant of Ireland, upon the nature and qualities of bees, calling them on every occaſion, a nation and commonwealth ; yes, my lord, ſays Swift, they are a very ancient nation. You know, my lord, Moſes takes notice of them ; he numbers the *Hivites* among thoſe nations which Joſhua was appointed to conquer.

At another time, being in company where a lady whiſking about her long train, (long trains were then in faſhion) ſwept down a fiddle and broke it ; Swift cried out,

Mantua ve miſeræ nimia vicina cremonæ !

Being one day at a ſheriff's feaſt, who among other toaſts, called out to him, Mr. Dean, *the trade of Ireland !* He anſwered quick ; *ſir, I drink no memories !*

Happening to be in company with a petulant young man, who prided himſelf in ſaying pert things to the dean, and at laſt getting up with ſome conceited geſticulation, cried, you muſt know, Mr. Dean, that I ſet up for a wit. Do you, ſays the Dean, then take my advice, and ſit down again.

THE TWO LOVERS—AN ANECDOTE.

AT the capture of the town of Oia in the Eaſt-Indies, by the Portugueſe in 1508, an officer, Sylveira, obſerved one of the natives of a noble aſpect, eſcaping by a private path, with a young woman of exquiſite beauty. He ran inſtantly in order to ſecure them. The Indian did not appear at all apprehenſive for his own ſafety, but after turning about to defend himſelf, he made a ſign for his companion to fly. Her faithful love, however, would not permit her to obey his injunctions. She reſolutely refuſed to retire ; aſſured her lover that ſhe would rather die on the ſpot, or be a captive with him, than to make her eſcape alone. Sylveira affected by the bravery of the one, and the magnanimity of the other, gave them both liberty to depart ; ſaying at the ſame time to his officers and ſoldiers,—"God forbid that my ſword ſhould deſtroy ſuch noble and tender ties."

A MAXIM.

TO ſecure to the old that influence which they are willing to claim, and which might ſo much contribute to the arts of life, it is abſolutely neceſſary to give themſelves up to the duties of declining years ; and contentedly reſign to youth its levity, its pleaſures, amuſements, its frolics and its fopperies.—It is a lifeleſs endeavor to unite the contrarieties of ſpring and winter, and unjuſt to claim the privileges of age, and to retain the play-things of childhood.

CHARACTER OF PRINCE EUGENE.

HE was valiant without pride ; victorious without cruelty ; indefatigable without avarice ; a friend without guile ; a foe without revenge ; a ſoldier without vice ; a Chriſtian without bigotry ; whoſe univerſal fame will bury churches, out-live time ; and ſtand up with eternity !

Advice to the ſingle Ladies of Baltimore, eſpecially the wits and toaſts.

YE lovely, thoughtleſs, youthful train,
To whom a thouſand lovers bend,
Of pow'r and conſcious beauty vain,
The warning voice of truth attend.

By me ſhe ſpeaks, whom beauty's charms
Nor blindly lead nor meanly drive;
Tho' love my beating boſom warms,
With joys I wiſh not to ſurvive.

By me, who ſpite of female art,
Love all the ſex for *Betſy's* ſake;
Who hating flatterers from my heart,
Yet ſcorn the *Cynic* ſide to take.

When fondly ſighing at your ſide,
The captive youth enamour'd lies,
And joys or mourns as you decide;
His life your love his law your eyes,

If yet untouch'd your heart remain,
Diſdain a fruitleſs hope to raiſe;
Diſdain to give ſuperfluous pain,
And win by mercy Reaſon's praiſe.

If with an equal love you burn,
Uſe all the power you boaſt to bleſs;
Nor, to exult in his concern,
His ſoul with jealouſy diſtreſs.

Still let your mirth his foibles ſpare,
Suppreſs the jeſt that wit inſpires,
And wiſely think beneath your care
The joy that with a laugh expires.

For when your utmoſt charms poſſeſt,
His firſt tumultuous joy is paſt:
Eſteem alone can make you bleſt;
And give delight through life to laſt.

If he ſuſpects your ſearching eyes
Have found a weakneſs he would hide,
He'll judge *that* weakneſs you deſpiſe;
Diſtruſt ſhall riſe, and love ſubſide.

That love is blind the learn'd allow,
If then to leſs exalted ſenſe
(Or leſs as you conceive) your vow
You plight, forego pre-eminence.

Appear to think him wiſe at leaſt,
And ſhade your own ſuperior light;
Then to glad *Hymen's* lengthen'd feaſt,
Her ſmiling train ſhall *peace* invite.

Thus to your pow'r that rules below,
Still goodneſs mix'd with wiſdom join;
So ſhall your joys forever flow,
Your bliſs, your being half divine.

EPIGRAMMA.

QUID nunc æquoreis debemus fluctibus, unam,
Si dederint *Venerim*, cum rapuere duas.

IMITATED IN ENGLISH,

On two Ladies who were drowned walking on the ſea ſhore.

THOU ſwelling ſea, what now can be thy boaſt,
By whoſe fell floods ſuch barb'rous deeds were done?
In whoſe curs'd waves two *Venuſſes* are loſt,
Two have you taken, though you gave but one.

On a lady throwing ſnow-balls at her lover.

From the Latin of PETRONIUS ASCANIUS.

WHEN, wanton fair, the ſnowy orb you throw,
I feel a fire before unknown in ſnow.
E'en coldeſt ſnow, I find, has power to warm
My breaſt, when flung by *Julia's* lovely arm.
T' elude love's pow'rful arts I ſtrive in vain,
If ice and ſnow can latent fires contain.
Theſe frolicks leave; the force of beauty prove,
With equal paſſion cool my ardent love.

EPIGRAM.

AS ragged *Prig* extolls himſelf,
As born of men of note.
Cries *Blunt* you've got a coat of arms,
But got no arms to coat.

MOSEY.

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